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"TWO TO ONE!"

The SUNDAY WORLD'S Record for the Last

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THE SUNDAY WORLD Has DOUBLE the CIR. CULATION of any other Sunday newspaper in Europe or America

And the Circulation Books and Newsdealers' Orders are "OPEN TO ALL."

" MISS ESMERALDA."

If Miss Nelly Farren were informed that she was suffering from acute paronomasia, she would start in affright; if Mr. Leslie were ac-

ed of the same misfortune, he would swear with his best comedy smile that there was some nistake: if it were boldly alleged that the whole Gayety Company, from its alpha to its omega, were inveterate paronomasiacs, Mr. C. Dundas Slater might come out with a card in every one of the papers, or two cards if possible. Let the ensation, therefore, be made quietly, "Paronomasia," says Haven, " is a comm

species of wit, and the lowest in merit. It is the pun." I maintain that the members of the Gayety Company are the most abject slaves of the pun; they love it as the Chinaman loves his opium, and it is far more deadly in its effect. It blunts all the finer perceptions. It is the death-blow to wit, which is supposed to bring together thoughts, not mere empty words, into pleasantly unexpected association.

"Miss Esmeralda," the original burlesque that was produced at the Standard Theatre last night, is far better than "Monte Cristo, jr.," inasmuch as it is less talky. It contains a few lents that are genuinely funny, and it is less effort to laugh at "Miss Esmeralda" than it was at its predecessor. Don't imagine that you can go to the Standard and bubble over with mirth. That is not possible. I am quite sure. however, that with a little determination and a steady object in view you will find no difficulty Says Miss Farren:

There's splendid absinthe in the canteen yonder-

When my meals were served by some official, Whether soup or fish, 'twas superficial.

I quote from memory in all reverence. There is not quite as much paronomasia in "Miss meralda " as in;" Monte Cristo, jr. "

The burlesque is founded upon Victor Hugo's story of " Notre Dame." Miss Nelly Farren appeared as Capt. Phoebus, and her clover ally. Fred Leslie, as Claude Frollo. Miss Marion Hood was Esmeralda, and Mr. Charles Danby, Gringoize. Miss Nelly Farren had very few opportunities. I begin to believe that she had all she wanted, however. Her "quiet" scenes were admirably given. She is a consummate comedienne. Her attempt at song was excessively painful. It reminded me of poor Aimee at the end of her career. Miss Farren can dance with the best of them, and her costumes are wonderfully artistic. She made a delightful picture in the robes of the arocat.

Fred Leslie was inimitable. He is a sort of De Wolf Hopper, tenderly chastened and minus the rough edges. His rendering of the song Kilaloo," which a select few heard at the Bijou Opera-House some time ago, when a little lady called Tattersall appeared, caught the house, Mr. Leslie did admirable work. At times he will pall upon you, but that is the fault of the

The dancing of Miss Lettie Lind and Miss Sylvia Grey was delightful. Nothing more effective in its way has been in this city for a very long time. Miss Lind and Miss Grey furthermore were beautiful to look upon, and their dresses were highly artistic. Mr. Fred Storey as Quasimode, the hunchback of Notre Dame, contributed a neat little character sketch, as far as he was permitted to go, and Mr. Charles Danby extracted some humor from the part of Gringoire, if any humor can be extracted from

what may be called an alcoholic rôle.

The stage setting of "Miss Esmeralda" was simply perfect. It would be hard to imagine anything more exquisite. There was nothing tawdry about either costumes or scenery. They stood out pleasantly conspicuous in an atmos phere impregnated with paronomasia. That they fought their way successfully through this stifling mist is a fact worth noting.

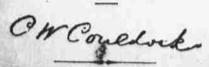
WORLDLINGS.

The brandy cigarette is the latest thing from Boston. It is made of tobacco that has been soaked in brandy, and the smoker is enabled to keep mildly intoxicated without touching a drop

Senator Sabin is a very popular man in St. Paul. He is hail fellow well met to all his friends and his good nature is infectious, Whenever he appears at the Merchants Hotel he speedily becomes the centre of a crowd of in-

A Baltimore boiler-maker named Howe recently performed the feat of eating five dozen raw eggs, shells and all, on a wager of \$5. It took him two hours and one-half to reach the last egg, and he washed the feast down with a pint

One of the ministers present at the Congregational Convention at Janesville, Wis., was the Bev. Jeremiah Porter, who has preached the Gospel for sixty years. He delivered the first sermon preached in Chicago.



Serman Monahan, of 47 Allen street, and Blam Caser, of 344 Madison street, were held

GRANDEE OF THE FIRST WATER.

Teresa Isabella Francesco d'Assis) (in-briel Sebastian Christian de Bourbon y Bourbon Dake of Durcal Is His Hustri ous Name and He Has Pictures to Sell.

Pedro d'Alcantara Maria de Guadelcupe Teresa Isabella Francesco d'Assisi Gabriel Sebastian Christina de Bourbon y Bourbon, Duke of Durcal, Grandce of Spain, uncle to the infant Monarch, cousin to the Emperor of Brazil and the King of Portugal, accompanied by the Chevaliers Francesco Cambreling and Ramio Armindo are at the Vic-

An Evening World reporter was this morning ushered to room 102, where a gentleman with a reddish beard, cut in Van Dyke style, stood bowing and smiling, meanwhile pouring forth a torrent of Spanish eloquence which the visitor vaguely understood to mean that the Duke was completing his toilet and would soon be at leisure.

While Chevalier Cambreling (for such he proved to be) was yet speaking, the object of his remarks entered-a medium-sized young man, aged about twenty-six years, with a dark mustache and side whiskers of that peculiar texture known in slang parlance as " loose chewing."

He was clad in a blue flannel coat, wide rousers and patent-leather button galters. dark plaid silk tie ornamented with a pear carf.pin completed his attire.
Placing both heels together, toes pointed

Placing both heels together, toes pointed at an angle of forty-five degrees, the Duke made a low bow, his arms hanging loosely by his side and his fingers nearly touching the floor in the excess of his obetsance.

As he straightened up he grasped the reporter's hand warmly and invited him to be seated.

The object of his visit is twofold, as he explained to the reporter, the first and most impact to the reporter, the first and most impact to the reporter, the first and most impact to the reporter.

plained to the reporter, the first and most im-portant of which is to sell his valuable collec-tion of paintings and the other to see the

When the subject of his pictures was inwhen the subject of his pictures was in-troduced, the duke at once grew enthusiastic, and lighting eigarette after eigarette, he paced the room praising his gens of art which comprise works of Rubens, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Morills, Van Dyke and other equally noted old masters.

The entire collection numbers about one

equally noted old masters.

The entire collection numbers about one bundred and fifty paintings, one hundred of which arrived on the same steamer with the party, the estimated value of the lot being over \$1,000,000. Messrs, Roosevelt & Howland, the Beaver-

street commission merchants, are to act as his sgents, and after being exhibited in the rooms of the American Art Association they

will be sold at auction.

The Duke is not interested in American politics. "Our relations with this country

politics. "Our relations with this country have always been pleasant, no matter who is ruler," as he pleasantly expressed it.

The duration of his visit will be about four months, during which time he will make flying visits to Boston, Washington, Philadelphia and other large Eastern cities.

Contrary to expectation his wife, who is one of the leading beauties in the Spanish Court, did not accompany the Duke, much to the chagrin of our society belles, who were anxious to see a real live Spanish Duchess, and a renowned beauty at that.

Don Sebastian, the Duke's father, was at one time a near claimant for the throne of Portugal, being the son or Princess Beira, and the Infant Don Pedro of Portugal and Spain.

Spain,

The Duke expressed great pleasure at the opportunity to visit this country, and was charmed with the scenery of the harbor as witnessed from the ship's deck. He will remain at the hotel to-day to receive visitors.

As the reporter took his leave the Duke again placed his feet in daucing position, bent his body almost to the floor and wished his visitor a graceful "adios."

THOSE EMPTY CHRISTMAS SOCKS.

If You Want to Really Enjoy Christmas You Should Fill a Pair of Them With Good Things.

A Brooklyn Christmas Giver. to the Editor of The Evening World :

The Christmas package idea is a good one. Count me in. A. G. G.,
500 Greene avenue, Brooklyn.

We Will Send an Address. to the Editor of The Evening World:

Mamma says I may ask you if you know of any little five-year-old child who wants a new pair of stockings to hang up for Sauta Claus. I have knit them myself. I am eight years old. Pearl Judson, 46 Sixth avenue.

Will Do Good Privately.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am good for a Christmas package. Please send me the address of a worthy case privately, and I will attend to it myself. But don't mention my name.
Mc. B., Brooklyn, E. D.

Open Your Purses.

The Editor of The Evening World;
The suggestion as to filling the empty stockings of the children of the poor is good one, and worthy of THE EVENING WORLD. The plan proposed will enable many people who would like to do something at the Christmas season to accomplish the good purpose with the least trouble to themselves. I will undertake to fill one stocking. But what is one among so many Let the men of means open their purses.

A Timely Hint to the Millionaires.

Tompkinsville, S. I.

To the Editor of The Reening World

I am a daily reader of THE EVENING WORLD. As such I could not help noticing lately the many touching wishes and appeal to Santa Claus expressed by poor children and still poorer mother and fathers. My heart ached when I thought of my inability to fulfil all the very moderate requests con tained in those piteous letters. Yet, I have to fulfi all the very moderate requests contained in those piteous letters. Yet, I have resolved to be Santa Claus to at least one of the humble petitioners. And while thinking so, this thought occurred to me; Could not a few plain words from a disinterested person touch some millionaire's neart, so that he would send a check of \$1,000 or more to The Evenno World, to be devoted to fulfilling the many descriptor requests that have letted

EVENING WORLD, to be devoted to fulfilling the many deserving requests that have lately been published in its columns. I am sure THE EVENING WORLD would giadly delegate some of its reporters to investigate the cases of the different parties, so that the money would be well applied. If a millionaire would do this he could have the consciousness that many a poor soul would bless his name; and he could ever after look back upon this Christmas as the one which in the end name; and he could ever after note back upon this Christmas as the one which in the end would yield him the purest enjoyment of all. Let the millionaires remember the needy, in the midst of their boundless wealth. I hope that these few words may fall upon fruitui ground.

Jos. P. Sohm.

Peace, Umbreila and Window Broken. James McGuire, Thomas Kline and William O'Counor were held for assault at Essex Market this morning. They entered Henry Offerman's salcon, at 433 East Tenth street, last night, and refused to pay for drinks they had had. One of them broke an umbrella on the salcon-keeper, and a plate-glass window was broken in the

Money returned if one bottle fails to cure.

WE HAVE WITH US A SPANISH DUKE AND HERE'S A JEST AND HERE'S A SMILE, FOR MURDERER DOREMUS TO PAY THE PEN- CAST BY "THE EVENING WORLD'S" BRIGHT WE PASS THIS WAY BUT ONCE.

In, a Chicago Park.



Miss Beaconstrect (from Eoston)-Oh, Miss Lakeside, how lovely your park is in winter Why don't you Chicago ladies come here to practise walking on snowshoes?

Miss Lakeside—None of us girls like it here fo snowshoeing. The trees are not wide enough apart.

1 see. One of your wide prairies would give

Dumley gave his scat in the horse-car to a very swell colored lady, who thanked him and said;
''lse rorry tew depra-ave yo'o'yo'seat, sah,
''No depravity, I assure you, madame," said

Too Grent a Risk.

[From the Jewelers' Weekly.] Wife-Shall I put your diamond stude in your shirt, dear ? Husband-What on earth are you thinking of

Do you want to ruin me? I have a meeting with my creditors this morning. A Muddy Country.

(From the Pittsburg Chronicle.)
"The English troops who went to Egypt aclegs," remarked a Pittsburger who has just returned from London, where he noticed this

peculiarity.
"How did they nappen to do that?"
"Because they found it quite Mahdi there."

A Musical Maiden. [From Judge.] Emily-I never knew that Eugenia Henshaw

was a performer on a wind instrument, Sophie-She isn't, is she? Emily—Why, yes. Ever since the arrival of the Duke of Mortar from England he has been very attentive to her, and she has simply been playing on his coronet.

[From the Merchant Traveler.] Judge Tobias Jenkins, who had saved nothing in his youth and who was far from economical in his old age, was warned by a travelling man that he would be buried at public expense if he

as not careful.
"Do you really think so?"
"Yes; you seem very much pleased over the idea. "I sm. It's a tremendons satisfaction to feel that I'm the price of a funeral ahead."

Peculiarly Eligible.

(From Judge.)
At a school examination the principal, knowng that the members of the committee whose duty it was to assign the prizes were frequently annoyed by the importunities of parents, espe-cially recommended one pupil as having claims ly recommended one pupil as having claims heir consideration. But in what do these claims consist?" asked the chairman. "She has no mother."

Valorous, but Discreet. [From the Chicago Tribune.] Angry Woman (stopping in front of building) John, this is where the Yelper is printed. That editor'll never call a reception at my house a shindig again—the villain! Have you the cow-hide all right? Come on. We'll go in! Husband dursting with rage, but retaining his presence of mind)—Maria, I'll stay out here to see that no one enters to interupt you. Here's the cowhide. Lay it on well—the cowardly secondard.

scoundrel! A Joke with Its Toes to the Daisies.

Jones, who has lately lost his father, wears a deep "weed" on his hat, but no other sign of mourning. The other day he called to see his fiancie, and, seeking sympathy for his severe

old, the keen young woman remarked: ''ll sn't serious, Bartholomew, for, like your nourning, I see it is confined to your head. What He Had to Say. | From the Merchant Traveler. |

"I've something to tell you," he ba-hfully said,
And his face urned a lobster-like hue;
"I'm sure you ne'er guessed "there his color all
field"
What I'm going to mention to you." We've long known each other this listener's

Encouragement gave to proceedl.

And I trust that true friendship will aid you brook E'en impertinence, should there be need."

Believe me," said she, with a love-wafting "Whate er you may say, I'll not frown." He gasped—in confusion he stood for a while-"Your back hair is all coming down!"

If But. [From Judge.]

It was of lace, a handsome dress, Upon the velvet sofa lying, I touched its folds and must confess, My love aflame, I fell to sighing.

And then the thought came unto me, (Upon the dress ought I not pin it?) How much more beautiful't would be If but my charming Nell were in it!

Vankee Doodle.

Yanker Doodle comes to town. Possessed of many a "pony."
Bringing his lovely daughter with
A view to Ma-tri-mo-ny.
Yanker doodle-doodle-doo!
The dollars come in handy,
Even to Dooks who have too few.
But know the Ars Amandi.

Yankee Doodle rails at rank,

That is for home consumption:
But at swell relatives the Yank
Don't kick-he's too much gumption.
Yankee doodle-doodle-doo!
Love is sweet as candy,
His daughters "reckon" blood that Scarce spoils the British dandy.

Pale Sympathy.

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Miss Brumley (who is paying the penalty of very late party the night before)-Oh; if I only had something for my head!

Her Cold-Blooded and Extremely Dense Friend—Why can't you make over that close-fitting little violet bonnet t. You always looked so well! in it, you know.

ALTY FOR HIS AWFUL CRIME.

Since He Abandoned Hone He Has Taken Up Religion, and His Spiritual Wants Are Now Attended to by Three Ministers - Suspicion That He Killed His Son George as Well as the Lad Jacob.

John Myers Doremus will be hanged tomorrow morning in the Bergen County Jail vard, in Hackensack, N. J.

good-looking, well-built man, about the medium size, with clean-shaven face and a luxuriant growth of hair that is slightly thread and a makes a shot."

I have a short may two years old and is a gentleman continued:

"Now, just watch that short man when he makes a shot." tinged with gray. He is a descendant of what was at one time a wealthy and powerful family, known and respected throughout New Jersey.

He murdered his twenty-year-old son, Jacob Bogart Doremus, on the 7th of June last, under the following circumstances. Doremus had been working for John Conklin, who had the contract for watering the

streets of Hacken-ack. Doremus drove one of the watering carts He returned to his home, a pretty frame cottage on State street, about 6 o'clock, of a

Saturday evening. His wife was sitting on the wooden steps. in the rear of the house, talking to a neigh-

Doremus had been drinking. He passed the women without a word and went into the house. A few minutes later he was heard roaring:

" Where is my underclothing ?" "You know where it is as well as I do," re-

turned his wife.

turned his wife.

Doremus came as far as the mosquito-netting back door and said:

"I don't. I want you to get it, — you."

"I won't do it," she returned.

Just then their son Jacob, the main support of the family, returned from his work in the machine shops. He was whistling gayly. As he passed his mother he kissed her and threw his week's salary into her lap.

As he passed on to go into the house his father came out on the porch with a dipper of water in his hand.

Before any one could interfere he dashed the water all over his wife, saying: "I bantize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The poor woman burst into tears. Her friend hastily fled home. The sou, seeing his mother thus humilitaed, became white with rage. His eyes fairly blazed with anger as he followed the stalwart form of his father into the house.

into the house.

When he spoke he did so very calmly. He

when he spoke he did said:
"We have had too much of this, father.
You must keep your hands off my mother."
"Shut up, you — If you don't I will put you beside your brother."
He referred to another son, George, who He referred to another son, George, who died three years ago, very suddenly.

"You won't do anything of the kind. Furthermore, if you ever abuse my mother again I'll have you arrested and bound over to keep the peace," returned the young man. Doremus then became enraged. With an oath he sprang at the lad and attempted to choke him. The boy was quite his equal in strength.

strength. Round and round the room they struggled. The elder man was getting the worst of it.

Exerting all his strength, he suddenly shoved the boy back against the table on which the knives and dishes were set for

upper.
With the rest there was a large carving-Doremus managed to get this, and instantly plunged it up to the hilt in his son's left

The poor lad then broke away from him, screaming "Mother, mother!"

He burst headlong through the screen doer, staggered down the steps and along a board walk to a point midway of the house, where he fell on the grass behind the walk and a wooden fence and expired.

His mother had meantime alarmed the neighborhood. Her husband was arrested and taken to jail.

The trial was one of the most sensational

and taken to jail.

The trial was one of the most sensational ever heard in Bergen County.

It did not last long, however.

Mr. Campbell devoted his entire time to

the case, leaving no point uncovered, and it the case, leaving no point uncovered, and it was concluded in a day and a half.

The murderer's defense was: "I was drunk and did now know what I was doing."

Slim even as this excuse was, Mr. Campbell refuted it. He produced testimony showing that while Dorenus had been drinking, he was not intoxicated. The jury returned within four hours with a verdict of nurder in the first decree.

turned within four hours with a verdict of murder in the first degree.

The prisoner's lawyers tried to get Doremus a new trial, and failed.

The Court of Parlons was next appealed to for a commutation to life imprisonment. That body refused to mterfere. Gov. Green could not sommute without their consent, so in all human probability Doremus dies to-morrow.

While in prison the murderer has been While in prison the murderer has been noted for his cool, indifferent demeanor.
While ever there was a thance of saving his life he refused all religious consolation.
When the last hope was gone, however, he sent for ministers in every direction.
During the past two weeks the Rev. J. E. Voorhis, of Hackensack, and the Rev. Mr. Walcott, of Rutherford, have been in contant attendance on him. Vesterday he sent

stant attendance on him. Yesterday he sent for still another minister to Englewood. He says that be longs for the hour of death to arrive, feeling satisfied that he will go direct to heaven.

His wife with her thirteen-year-old daugh

ter left Hackensack before ner number tral took place.
She went to Elkhart, Ind., and remained that her She went to Elkhart, Ind., and remained there with a son until she heard that her husband would be hanged. Then with her little girl she hurried East again.

They arrived last Friday, and went at once to the jail. The meeting between the three was very affecting. All the dreadul past was forgotten for a few moments, while they went together in each other's arms. They will meet once more on earth, to day.

will meet once more on earth, to day.
Sherif Demarest has completed all arrangements for the execution. The gallows will be erected to-day. It is the same that was used to hang Rugg, the negro thug, in Long Island City, and Cisco, the low murderer, here.

Island City, and Cisco, the toy murderer, here.

It has not yet been decided whether Joe Atkinson or Van Hise, the New Jersey hangman, will officiate. The hour of execution has not yet been made public.

The murderer's grandfather, Judge Doremus, was the owner in olden times of a line of stages that ran from New York City to Albany and another from Hackensack to Hobber. He was immensaly wealthy and a

bany and another from Hackensack to Hoboken. He was immensely wealthy, and at his death divided a round sum between a large family of sons and daughters.

John Myers Doremus was born in the old Wilson mansion, which was built with the expectation of becoming the nucleus of Rutgers College. Col. Wilson never saw his hopes realized and died a misanthrope.

In his young days Doremus had money. He lived a fast life, though, and soon dissipated what little fortune he had. Then he learned the mason's trade. He marred a Miss Campbell, who is very well connected socially.

socially.

He did not prove to be a good husband.

Since the murder of his son. Jacob, it has been whispered that he also killed the other boy. George, who died rather suddenly three

years ago.
At this trial it was brought out that his At this trial it was brought out father had struck him on the head lamp and that this caused his death. Doremus eats and sleeps well. Sheriff Demarest thinks that he through the ordeal unfinchingly.

FROM DON QUIXOTE'S LAND. THE WORLD OF MERRIMENT. HE MUST DIE TO-MORROW. SIDE-LIGHTS ON CITY LIFE.

PENCIL SHOVERS.

A Handy Old Gentleman Who Read Character at the Billiard Table.

'Did you ever notice how a man's temperament can be judged from the way he plays a game of billiards?" asked an old gentleman of an Evening World reporter, as they stood looking at an interesting game which was being played in a downtown till-

makes a shot."

The little man referred to was just preparing to play. His brow was wrinkled and his lips compressed. Hardly had he struck the ball when he began a series of gymnastics as he watched its course around the table. His body bent first to one side, then to the other. The cue was tightly clasped to his breast, horizontally, and when finally the cue ball slowly travelled towards the light red, he drew his right knee up almost to a level with drew his right knee up almost to a level with his chin.

The shot was a failure by a hair's breadth.

The shot was a failure by a hair's breadth, and an expression of the keenest disappointment spread on the player's face, as he resumed his normal stitude.

"What does that signify?" asked the old gentleman triumphantly, and without waiting for an answer he continued: "Nervousness—excessive nervousness, and a sensitive disposition. Quick to take offense, and casily discouraged. A man that can make himself utterly miserable by worrying over triffes. Now watch his opponent."

This was a tall, slender young man, who, after casting a rapid glance at the position in which the balls lay, struck the cue-ball a quick blow and, hardly pausing to observe the effect of the shot, moved to the opposite side of the table and began chalking his cue, while the ball, having ceased its gyrations,

while the ball, having coased its gyrations, stopped evidently just where he expected it would.

Several more successful shots were made, the young man displaying the same coolness and off-hand manner in each instance, and apparently not caring whether they were suc-

"Confidence," said the old gentleman, 'and yet a vein of carelessness in his dispo-sition. You can set him down as an easy-going sort of a chap, who never borrows trouble, but lets to-morrow take care of

Confidence in himself is a prominen conndence in himself is a prominent characteristic, and he will succeed in life by that means, his greatest enemy being his own good nature. He would make a good friend and a very good enemy, as he can bear no

malice.
"But there's a study for you in that man," indicating a thick-set individual at an adjoining table.

Note how carefully he plays each shot, showing no emotion, whether he is successful or not. Buildog determination is shown in every action, and he is withal a careful business man, neat and tidy in his habits, and punctual as to engagements. A man capable of forming great plans and carrying them out.

"A great difference is seen in that young man at the next table to him. He holds his one as though afraid of it, makes each shot uncertainly, every now and then glancing anxiously at his opponent's string. 'Fear of defeat, or failure would prevent him from engaging in any large enterprise, and many opportunities to succeed in life would be neglected for the same reason. He

would be neglected for the same reason. He possesses little or no ambition, and is inordinately selfish. If he wins that game it will be a cause for boasting to his friends.

"There is still another type of character displayed in that gentleman at the end table. He plays as though the whole thing bored him infinitely, and he would be glad when it was over. He appears to have a craving for some aveltageant, a restless dispession and some excitement, a restless disposition and hard to please. In short, he is what in slang parlance would be termed a crank. You are acquainted with him?" asked the old gentle-man, as the object af his remarks bowed to

the reporter.
Upon receiving an affirmative reply, the old gentleman said: "Well, I am sorry if I have spoken slightingly of your friend, but confess: Have I not hit his nature corconfess: Have I not hit his nature of rectly?"
"You have," was the simple rejoinder.

The Two Ferrets, the One Rat and the Enger Crowd. One afternoon an Evening World report. er's attention was attracted by a crowd of

men and boys who were standing in front of a little yellow-front store on Fulton street. Elbowing his way in among the people he got within a few feet of the window, and by standing on his tip-toes he discovered the sight which had attracted so many people. In the window were two ferrets. They In the window were two ferrets. They were of a light brown in color, and their heads were small in comparison with their

bodies.

A clerk in the store had just thrown a large rat in their cage, and the luckless rodent was trying his best to get away from his enemies; but with a little spring one of the ferrets caught him in a corner and fastened its teeth in the rat's neck.

The other ferret seized the rat just a little further down the back near the tail and the

further down the back near the tail, and the two assailants started a tug-of-war, each pulling his hardest.

The tortured rat at last sank into death, the ferrets threw the body aside and the crowd

A Six-Foot Specimen of an Old-Time Fisherman's Haul.

A big fish can be seen in Tom Conroy's window, on Fulton street. It is a tarpon, and has been preserved by the drying-out process. The tarpon is a species of the herring family, and this specimen is 6 feet 5 inches long and weighs 140 pounds. It is of a light silver shade, with occasional patches of black. This large fish was caught near Punta Rassa, Fla, by W. H. Wood, an old-time fisherman, who takes a trip to the Southern

waters every year.

Too Many Crude Actors. to the Editor of The Evening World:
You ask an all important question as to how the public is to protect itself against poor actors? Let us suggest a thorough course in practical dramatic art before venturing upon the professional stage. There are two or three good responsible schools in this city, which give the pupil practical stage experience in the course of their lessons, and we believe such tutorage will obviate materially the prevailing tendency of parading one's self before the public in his crude state.

An Acros.

A Useful Suggestion.

To the Editor of The Evening World;

I have noticed an item in the papers recently to the effect that Edison has perfected a doll with a phonograph inside. I think the learned gentleman would do well if he would apply a phonographic attachment to railroad clocks. It would be very useful in calling out train time and would be preferable to that delusion, 'the bureau of information.' Brooklyn, L. 1.

Annie Brown.

Assemblyman Blanchfield Surprised.

A large gathering of frinds made a raid on Assemblyman-elect William Blanchfield last evening, at his residence, 87 Herbert street, Brooklyn, E. D. The surprise was gotten up by Brooklyn, E. D. The surprise was gotten up by his numerous friends, and how numerous they were was evident from the fact that half an hour after the guests began to arrive, his cosy two-story cottage was filled to overflowing, and it was found necessary to repair to Oriental Hall, near by, where Landlord Guthrie threw open his doors and about one hundred couples made merry in the dance until midnight. A substantial collation was served and toasts were drank to the health of the Assemblyman-elect and his interesting family. Delegations were present from the Board of Supervisors, Grand Army Posts and other societies.

Holiday Presents! What Shall We Give?

The Waterbury Watches Answer That.

THREE STYLES!!! THREE SERIES!!! **Every Retail Watch Dealer Keeps**

THE WATERBURY WATCHES Ask your watch-dealer to show you "THE LADIES' WATER-BURY," "SERIES L," PRICE \$4.00; THE NEW SHORT WIND WATERBURY, "SERIES J," PRICE \$4.00; THE LONG WIND

WATERBURY, "SERIES E," PRICE \$2.50. ACCURATE AND RELIABLE.

"CORRECT TIME FOR A LITTLE MONEY." Remember that the Waterbury Watches are for sale

only by REGULAR RETAIL WATCH DEALERS. JUDGMENT AGAINST STEPHEN DORSEY.

Up a \$10,000 Note. Star-Router Stephen W. Dorsey has failed to

meet and satisfy one of his notes on its ma-

turity, and now he is a judgment debtor to the turity, and now he is a judgment debtor to the amount of \$7,870.

The judgment was docketed in the County Clerk's office yesterday in favor of the American Loan and Trust Company, and the judgment roll tells this story:

On April 20, 1888, Dorsey made a note for \$10,000, payable to himself at the American Loan and Trust Company in sixty days. The note matured, but was not paid.

Aug. 7, the Senator made a partial payment of \$2,496,25 and the Trust Company had to sue for the balance. Dorsey allowed judgment to be taken by default.

John Timbrook, who was an obstinate witness before Recorder Smyth, in General Ses-

ions last week, was arraigned at the Essex

sions last yeek, was arraigned at the Essex Market Police Court this morning, on a charge of wife-beating.

On the occasion of his visit to Recorder Smyth's court his son was on trial for burglary. He was the complainant, and he showed such spite against his son, whose innocence was proclaimed by his mother, that the son was acquitted and the father was himself locken up in the Tombs on a charge of periury.

He subsequently cleared himself of the charge and went to his home at 72 Lewis street.

During the absence of his wife last night he entered his apartments, broke the furniture and when his wife upbraided him he threatened to kill her.

Justice Gorman sent him to the workhouse for six months.

A Premisent Fourth Warder Dead.

George Wilson, an old resident of the Fourth Ward, who was prominent in politics for many

Chon the marble heart of the world—the great, grand city of Rome.

And hushed at last were the chariot-tires, and still the sandalled feet.

And dimmed the palace window-fires on many a noble street.

And dimmed the palace window-fires on many a noble street.

And dimmed the palace window-fires on many a noble street.

On, the limit of a maiden came, with eyes as angels love.

She gazed at them with a misty eye, and spoke, in accents sad:

Oh, tell me, gold-birds of the sky, if ever a voice you had.

Is Justice dull from a palsy-stroke, and deaf, as well as blind?

Else why must e'er the heaviest yoke be placed on woman kind?

Why should the solace of man's heart be oft his meanest lave?

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Ward, who was prominent in politics for many years and was a member of the General Commit-tee of the County Democracy, died at his home. 33 Oliver street, late last night of pneumonis. He was for many years a court officer in General Sessions and lately was attached to the Navy-Yard. The funeral will take place Thursday

A Titled Prima Donna.

[Philadelphia Telegraph's Parss Letter.] The Countess Dillon, wife of the intimate friend of Gen. Boulanger, was formerly a prima donna, and at one time appeared in a few representations of "L'Africaine," at the Grand Opera at Paris. Her name was Hen-riette Stuckle. A few years after her marriage she met, at a soirce musicale, a gentle-man well known in Parisian society, who is a great musical connoisseur. He was much great musical connoisseur. I charmed with the Countess' charmed with the Countess' singing, and warmly complimented her on her performance. Something in her voice and countenance seemed to him strangely familiar, and, looking at her intently, he said: "I cannot but imagine, Countess, that this is not the first time we have met. Suraly I have seen you somewhere before." The lady flushed scarlet and turned away, rather to the amagement of her companion. Later to the amazement of her companion. Later in the evening they met at the supper-table and the Countess took the opportunity of saying to him, in an undertone: "I beg, sir, that you will kindly refrain from mentioning where it was that you first saw me." "Most certainly. I will never speak of it," solemuly certainly. I will never speak of it," solemnly promised the goutleman, who could give her that assurance with certainty, as he had not the slightest idea himself of the place or the circumstances of their first meeting. But her words set him to cudgelling his brain and to searching among the records of his memory, and suddenly there flashed across him a recollection of the unsuccessful represents. recollection of the unsuccessful representa-tive of Selika—the lady's identity stood fully

Col. Kilgore as He Is.

[From the Washington Post.]
Col. C. B. Kilgore, of Texas, arrived yesterday and put up at the Metropolitan. The Colonel does not appear to have lost either weight or good looks by the late disaster to the Democracy. In fact, as he walked down from dinner last night and met half a dozen the Democracy. In fact, as he walked down from dinner last night and met half a dozen friends who were waiting to greet him, he bore the same good-humored expression that he generally assumes in the House when making an objection. The Colonel is, however, under all circumstances, whether in victory or defeat, whether swimming in the tide of a big majority in the House or playing a lone and thankless hand, an uncommonly fine-looking gentleman, being over six feet high, squarely and powerfully built, with a full, bronzed face, a white "goatee" and gray hair, wearing a soft planter's hat and clothes of a light color and easy cut, and carrying himself with a dignity and deferential air that mark him at once as being of the Southern type. He by no means has the appearance of the ideal Kilgore that has been figured out in the minds of people who have known him through the newspapers and the Congressional Record, and who have had reason, to put it mildly, to diverge from him in the attitude he has so often taken in the Heuse.

Chicago's Statue to Penn. A life-size statue of William Penn was un

reiled at 3 o'clock this afternoon at the southwest corner of Madison and LaSalle streets. The statue stands in a niche on the cornice of the first story of the Major block, in front of the office of the Peun Mutual Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia. The figure is seven feet high, including the pedestal, and is the work of the Philadelphia pedestal, and is the work of the Philadelphia sculptor, G. Frank Stevens. Mr. Stevens's idea of the great Friend differs from the well-known representation by Benjamin West, where Penn is shown as an old man clad in Quaker garb. Mr. Stevens has modelled his subject as a man perhaps thirty-eight years of age. clothed in the English court dreas of Penn's time, and is intended to represent him as he looked on the occasion of his first visit to America. The figure stands with his left foot slightly advanced, the left hand resting on a Bible on a small stand, and the face wearing a meditative air, as though Penn were about to begin an earnest address.

Pains and Aches

In various parts of the bedy, more particularly in the back, shoulders and joints, are the unwelcome indications that rheumatism has gained a foothold, and you are "in for it "for a longer or shorter period. Rheumatism is caused by lactic axid in the blood, and is cured by Hood's Sarasparilla, which neutralizes the acidity and eradicates every impurity from the blood.

Hood's Sarasparilla is sold by druggists. \$1; six for \$85. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

A Maine Man's Unfortunate Dream.

(Told by the Associated Press.)
A good story comes from Portland about a man who put too much faith in dreams. Last winter his wife lost a fur collar, and, the most careful search being made for the article with out success, she came to the conclusion that it had been stolen. Last week her husband dreamed three nights in succession that the collar was secreted under a stump near his barn, and he went to investigate. He thrust his hand into a cavity beneath the stump, and, sure enough, felt a furry substance, which he pulled out. The man then went home and changed his clothes, while the skunk escaped.

> THE VOICE OF A STAR. Or the First Christmas Eve.

| Will Carleton in Ladies' Home Journal. 1 [Will Carleton in Lodies' Home Journal,]
Dark night her tent once more unfurled, on
Power's first-century home,
Upon the marble heart of the world—the great,
grand city of Rome.
And hushed at last were the chariot-tires, and
still the sandsiled feet,
And dimmed the palace window-fires on many a
noble street;
And to a roof a maiden came, with eyes as angels
love.

toiled to save?

"Why should the mould of the human race be crushed and thrown away.
Whenever it lacks the outward grace that wooes the stronger clay?
Why must the mothers of men be bought and sold like beasts that die?
Why are they seourged for little or naught, and barred of all reply?
Why are we women of Rome e'er told that we should happy be.
Because not kept like flocks in fold, as those across the sea?

Have we no heart? Have we no mind? Musi Have we no heart? Have we no mind? Musinot our conscience speak?
Say, must our souls be dumb or blind, because
our hands are weak?
Must we be ever the laughing stock of man's
fond, fickle heart?
Were we but born for fate to mock—to play a
menial part?
Must all our triumphs be a lie—our joys in fetters clad?
Oh, tell mc, gold-birds of the sky—if ever a
voice you had!"

Then from the East a new, bright star flashed to

Then from the East a new, bright star flashed to her flashing eye.

And seemed to speak to her from afar, with soft and kind reply:

"Why weep, fair maid, upon the eve of victory's coming morn?

It is o'er strange, for one to grieve, whose champion's to be born!

To-morrow a new king appears with dimpled, mighty hand.

And he shall rule a million years o'er many a kingly land. "His mother a queen the world will see, whose reign doth e'er endure;
All women shall his sisters be, whose ways are

just and pure; A woman's fault shall not be her death, by men or angels seen;
Repentance, and his God-strewn breath, shall
grandly step between.
A woman's fame, by merit won, shall add to her queenly grace.

And higher, as the years march on, shall be her destined place. "And four great words the world shall see, enwoven with man's life; Mother and sister two shall be—and two be daughter and wife. It shall be felt that she whose care the lamp of thrift makes burn, Can tives may earn:

Can take with him an equal to the lives may earn:
That she whose soft and healing hand can soothe, with blessing bright,
Is no less great and true and grand than he who leads the fight. Like one who through the woods may grope till light comes to his eyes.

The maiden thrilled with new-born hope, and seized the glad surprise;

The voice of the star she understood; its glorious meaning knew;

And all her dreams of woman's good seemed likely to come true.

And when again the twilight gray was brightened by the morn,

Within a manger far away the infant Christ was born.

Simply Brutal.

[From Judge.]
Jones is frankness itself. Being at an evening party he took occasion to ompliment a lady, not otherwise remarkable for her beauty, on her small feet. 'You can't mean what you say, Mr. Jones," said the lady, greatly flattered, as she still fur-ther, by a deft movement of the hand, exposed the members in question. "You're quite right, madam," said Jones, looking down; "I only saw half of them."

A Silence that Was Felt.

[From the Curtoon.]
The two young ladies in the back seat of a crowded car had probably been talking about gloves while the steam was escaping. The noise nocessitated rather loud talking. Suddenly the steam was shut off without warning, and in em-phatic tones that reached every ear in the car, came the sentiment: "Will give me an undressed kid!"

Glenned from Hotel Registers. At the Albemarle are C. C. Townsend, of New Brighton, Pa.; J. P. Saiford and Alfred Winser, of Boston. of Boston.

W. G. Scott, of Pittsburg; A. H. Charlton, of Hartford, and C. F. Couts, of Chicago, are at the Bartholdi.

F. H. Skinner, of Boston; A. E. Richards, of Louisville, and Joseph Bryan, of Richmond, are located at the Fifth Avenue.

Prominent at the Hoffman are R. B. Matthews, of Washington; Martin L. Cohn, of Portland, Ore., and Eli T. Bangs, of Fayetteville.

E. P. Howe, of Boston; E. H. Wilson, of Providence, and A. E. Jenkins, of Halifax, are among the recent arrivals at the Brunswick. Stopping at the Gilsey are Thomas Brealin, of Waterford; R. H. Crook, of Whitehall; Henry McKay, of Utica, and E. Dunn, Inspector of Prisons, Utica.

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION. 227 East Twenty-eighth street.